

Puck

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HE'S GOT TO TAKE IT!



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, May 4th, 1892. — No. 791.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THIS IS A Spring of surprises. Just now, as April softly fades into May, we ought to have reached that halcyon period of political truce which generally intervenes between the preliminary presidential skirmish and the active hostilities of the real campaign. This is a sweetly happy space of time when personal and even party hostilities are put to sleep for purely prudential reasons. It is, so to speak, the moment of entering the ring, before time is called, when the contestants gaze one upon another with a marked and considerate respect, almost amounting to polite admiration; each one suggesting by his manner that he feels proud to be considered worthy to face such an able man as his antagonist.

This is usually a time when politicians keep uncommonly quiet. If they have anything to say about the men who are to be their party rivals or their public opponents, they say it in honeyed words. At this stage of the political game, in most years, everybody is a statesman and a possible candidate. At least, everybody is "Mr." — "Mr." Smith and "Mr." Jones. Later on it will be "Smith the Tariff-Smasher" and "Jones the Monopolist;" but just before the battle it is commonly held to be better politics to regard not only Smith and Jones but Brown and Robinson and White and Green and all the rest of them as estimable and public-spirited citizens — a little better than they are, that is; and not half so bad as we make them out when the fight is frankly begun. The Spring of presidential year is no time for cruel animosities. Would that the influences of that sweet and holy season could spread over the twelve months of every year!

We are afraid that the wish is futile. Already the tradition of this happy hiatus in the stern record of political warfare is rudely violated. The sympathetic influences of the genial Springtime seem this year to make small impression upon the minds of our public men. The spirit of combat appears to have seized upon them; and they lay about them, regardless of whom they may hit, or of what may be the results of the hitting. This sort of thing, at this juncture, is wholly unprecedented; and what may be the outcome of it is past our imagining.

Here is one quiet, conventional, stubborn and stubby representative of the town of Indianapolis, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, by the grace of Dudley, President of the United States, in the month of April, which comes two months before a national convention, calmly defying the boss of New York State, and taking his spoils from him in the presence of the multitude. What does it mean? We know that Mr. Harrison is great in the work of the Sunday School, and that he preaches to his scholars the beautiful doctrine of Christian charity, and urges its cultivation among all classes and conditions of men. But surely it is impossible that his admiration for the abstract principle can blind him to the fact that its concrete application to the case of Mr. Thomas C. Platt is singularly defective; and that whatever man of the sons of men may be moved by scriptural precept to turn the other cheek, that man is not Mr. Platt. Shall not the knife of the Platt dig deep into the intestines of the Harrison, when cometh the merry polling-time, if so be that this insult is not atoned for, and wiped out of memory with a gift of new spoils, and with a great patronage, as in the days aforetime? Or who owns New York, anyhow?

And here, behold! is more discord and wrath, and contumelious wrangling. For Theodore of the Roosevelts has arisen in all his Dutch cussedness, and no man may know what is meant of his assumption of the character of a personal devil. For there is no accounting for Theodore Roosevelt. He is the most extraordinary product of the Republican party of our day. He is as honest and patriotic and upright as — well, as Matthew Stanley Quay *is n't* — and he is a most excellent and commendable fighter. And yet he delights to "devil" for the Republican party as no son of Belial in its ranks ever deviled for it before. He took upon himself the responsibility for the most desperate bluff at supremacy which the Republicans of New York ever dared to make — a false attack on the well-entrenched power of Tammany, that served only to bring his allies to absolute destruction; to make Independent Democracy an impossibility for

years to come, and to settle Tammany in control, as a comfortable monopoly, in a position to make deals with the Republican party without fear of competition.

And here is this same Theodore Roosevelt rising up, in his capacity of Civil Service Commissioner, and informing Mr. Harrison and the world at large, that he is going to see, this year, that the employees of the government are not taxed for the campaign funds of the Republican party! What does this mean? "Sassing" Tom Platt is nothing to this. There is a good deal of the sneak in Platt — the bullying, cynical sneak; but it is sneak stock at best — and he has never run up against a man who had the courage or the confidence or the convictions to try conclusions with him and to fight him to the bitter end. It is plucky of Mr. Harrison to tackle Platt; but putting an honest Indianapolis hoof on Mr. Platt's private pasture-land is no such serious matter as walking off with the crib at which the Republican horse has been fed these many years. For there were days when the Republican party was strong with the people because of its principles; but those days are no more; and in these days that are, what is the Republican party without money? What is it without the money that it can raise, by the understood, unspoken threat of dismissal, from the men whom it has provided with office? It has, of course, the millionaire beneficiaries of its tariff-policy to look to. But they — even they — know two things now, that they did not know in the last campaign: they know that the days of their levying tribute on the tax-payer are well-nigh at an end; and they know that after this session of a Democratic Congress, it will be impossible to convince the people that the Democratic party is infected with revolutionary ideas, or is inclined to make sudden changes in the policy of the Government such as might work injury to established business interests. And so, what is to become of the Republican party in this campaign if Mr. Roosevelt carries out his programme?

He *can* carry it out — if he can pull hardest at his end of the string that ties him to the Republican party; or if he can — and will — cut that string in two with the tough blade of his Dutch cussedness and independence. Perhaps that would be the best thing for him to do. A Dutchman can be a Democrat much easier than he can be a Republican.

CAUTION.

MC TUFF (*at the side door, Sunday morning*).— Naw; yez can't come in!

DRYMANN.— Now, see here; do I look like a detective?

MC TUFF.— Naw; yez don't. But if yez did, it's the mighty poor detective yez would be, givin' yure looks away!

THE POINT of honor seems to be rather the pen's point than the sword's point nowadays.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

PATIENT.— The examination seems to have delighted you, Doctor. I judge from your happy countenance that you can save my life.

DR. SAWBONES.— I can not promise you that; but we must perform a number of most interesting operations on you.

"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"

I 'VE BEEN down to the city fer a visit with my son;
He 's into bizness fer himself an' gittin' rich like fun.
He 's got the blamest schemes I ever see fer coinin' cash,
An' yet, some day, he says, he may be busted all to smash.
I like to visit with 'em, but they stay up half the night,
An' in the mornin' lie abed long after it is light;
But when I 'm there it 's hard to tell when daybreak comes, you know,
Fer, listen fer a month, you 'd never hear a rooster crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The bramer with his loud, shrill voice, the dominecker, too;
The little banty tenor an' the shanghai fierce an' slow —
I can tell the mornin' 's comin' when I hear the roosters crow.
Cock-a-doodle-doo!



I 'd hate to have to live in town an' stay there all
the while,
An' hardly ever see a thing but jest mile after mile
Of brick an' stone, an' narrer streets, an' people
night an' day
All actin' like they 're crazy an' a pushin' ever'
way.
It 's well enough to visit there a little while,
an' then
I 'm allers mighty anxious fer to git back home
again
Where ever'body takes their time to talk an'
laff an' grow
An' eat their meals an' sleep an' wake an' hear
the roosters crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The bramer with his loud, shrill voice, the dominecker, too;
The little banty tenor an' the shanghai fierce an' slow —
I can tell the mornin' 's comin' when I hear the roosters crow.
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

I like to have a lot o' room where I can stir about
Permiscous like. I hate to be ferever lookin' out.
But when you 're in the city streets the people is so thick
A man can't hardly spit 'ithout some one 'ill up an' kick.
But out here in the country we can freely knock

around,
With lots an' lots of air an' sun an' sky an'
trees an' ground;
An' when the shadders come at night
an' work is done, we go
To bed an' soundly sleep until we
hear the roosters crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The bramer with his loud, shrill
voice, the dominecker, too;
The little banty tenor an' the
shanghai fierce an' slow —
I can tell the mornin' 's comin'
when I hear the roosters crow.
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The robin's song is awful nice
when first it tries to sing
Along with blue-birds an' the rest
about the comin' Spring;
An' thrushes, too, are hard to beat
— I like to hear 'em trill,
An' nothin' could be sweeter than
the sorry whip-poor-will.
But I believe that, after all, among
the feathered host,
The voice, if stilled ferever, I should
really miss the most
Is jest the common barn-yard fowl's
— some folks 'll laff, I know —
But, anyhow, it pleases me to hear
the roosters crow.

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The bramer with his loud, shrill voice,
the dominecker, too;
The little banty tenor an' the shanghai
fierce an' slow —
I can tell the mornin' 's comin' when I
hear the roosters crow.
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Nixon Waterman.



DUST AND DICTION.

BRIDGET (new acquisition in a Boston household).— Does the mantel want to be dusted, Mum?

MRS. EMERSON.— Inanimate objects can not want anything, Bridget; but I wish the mantel dusted. Pray, be careful of the vases.

SAFE ALL AROUND.

TEACHER.— Tommy, you know what I told you yesterday, that if you did n't run right home and tell your mother you had played truant last week, I would give you a good whipping.

TOMMY.— Yes 'm; an' I told her.

TEACHER.— What did she say?

TOMMY.— She said if I had n't told her she would have licked me, too.

A STERN TEST.

MRS. FEATHERS.— You think I paid too high for that bonnet? Why, it 's worth every cent of thirty dollars!

FEATHERS.— Humph! Take it to a pawnbroker's, and see.

A NEW HAWKSHAW.

FIRST DETECTIVE.— How did you discover that English defaulter's identity?

SECOND DETECTIVE.— I got off a pun and he was the only man in the crowd who laughed at it.

LOVE MAKES the world go round, so that we may have evenings to "spoon" in.

BULK IS not always size. "His daughter's hand" is a small thing to look at, but a big thing to ask for.

"THERE MAY BE plenty of money in circulation," said the country editor, pensively, as he looked over the financial news; "but what are you going to do if you have no circulation?"

THOSE WHO dance must pay the fiddler— very often, also, those who sit the dances out.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

MISS HATTIE GAINSBOROUGH (after the curtain went down).— Why, were you sitting right behind us all the afternoon, Mr. Short? How did you like the play?

The Runaway Browns.

A Story of Small Stories

By H.C. Bunner.

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PROLOGUE.

(Because You Can't Begin a Story in Philadelphia.)

IT SEEMS quite natural that the houses in Philadelphia should grow backward; yet a real Philadelphia house is always a surprise to the stranger. From the sidewalk you see what looks like a compressed mausoleum. You enter, wondering if there is going to be room for you and the one tier of defunct. Behold! that house spreads out into the silent hollow of the "square"; back-extension after back-extension, in holy privacy, in a dim and chastened respectability, you see a Philadelphia HOME expand itself.

For many, many years there came forth daily from the door of such a house as this, a gentleman who was at first Oldish, then Old, then Very Old, indeed. He was thin and tall; he wore his old-fashioned beaver hat on one side of his gaunt, old-fashioned head; his clothes had been dandified once, when dandies wore stocks and tied their collars behind. He wore them still so jauntily as to make you think you were wrong in your reckoning—if the disloyal clothes had n't gone threadbare and shiny.

A fragile, faded, prettyish, middle-aged wife said good-by to the Oldish man at the white door-step as he went forth, leaning on the arm of a thin, serious-looking young man; a fragile, fading, pretty young wife bade the Old man good-by at the same door-step as he went forth on the arm of the same young man, not quite so young now. When he was a Very Old man, neither wife bade him good-by, but a little yellow-haired boy walked on the other side of the Very Old man, while his right arm was supported by the young man, who was only young now by comparison.

He always walked as jauntily as each new year would let him, down the sunny side of Chestnut Street. All the old merchants knew him; all the solid, comfortable-looking old Friends nodded to him in a half-pitying, half-admiring way. If you asked one of them who he was, you would get this answer:

"Col. Brown, sir; Col. Orlando Brown—remarkable man, sir—great inventor—greatest mining expert in the country—made half a dozen fortunes—not worth a soumarkee—not worth a soumarkee, sir—too wild, sir—fanciful—excitable."

Here the Philadelphia merchant would tap his head. "New York man originally." And here the Philadelphia merchant would shake his head.

But the Colonel cared neither for their admiration or their pity; he set his hat further on one side, pulled his stock up over his collar, then pulled his collar up over his stock, ran his hand through his fine whiskers, and swaggered on his way to look at the mining-stock-list.

In New York, the Colonel would have been neither quite so much of a wonder, nor quite so much of an impracticable. He was only one of the many geniuses with whom the times can not readily keep abreast. He would spend years in devising new systems of milling and smelting ores—splendid systems—only, as they were about ten years ahead of the needs of civilization, civilization could make no use of them. Consequently, the Colonel had to be "temporarily accommodated" until civilization caught up with him. When she did, the Colonel drew his pay, and promptly sunk it in getting up new and still more advanced systems which the world could not possibly use for a decade at the least. Meanwhile the Colonel's collars got frayed and his wives wore out.

He was like a swimmer who dives for the great seventh billow just as the fourth or fifth is rising, and comes up where he should have gone down. Thus he succeeded in keeping out of tune with the resistless surf of progress.

The Colonel died at last in the trough of the sea. When he died, he owned nothing but the roof that sheltered him and the patents that had ruined and should have enriched him.

Paul was the name of the curly-headed boy. Ernest was the name of the thin young man who had grown old holding up his father's arms.

All his days, from the day he left the University of Pennsylvania to the day he left this world, his prime function in life was that of a calculating machine for the Brown patents.

It was he who had figured into practical usefulness the creations of his father's mechanical genius, balancing economies of power and speed and efficiency, one against the other. Outside of this he lived solely for hygienic reasons.

The Colonel was dead, but the patents were alive.

Ernest rented the most of the old house to a boarding-house keeper, and went to live with Paul in the last of the back-extensions, where they had a gloomy workshop on the first floor. Three times a day they issued therefrom to take their meals at the boarding-house table, where scrapple set the key of greasiness at breakfast, well sustained at dinner, and ending in a delicate diminuendo with the doughnuts at supper.

They had also retained the little stable at the rear, and here they kept two saddle-horses which it was Paul's duty to care for, and on which they took, morning and evening, a silent, sanitary ride—for the air made Ernest cough. They had no friends and they went nowhere, save that they took tea every Sunday evening at their Aunt Chambray's, an elderly lady of Huguenot extraction, who kept a rapidly decaying boarding and day school for young ladies, that had once been fashionable. It was a solemn function, held in the second story front drawing-room. When anybody opened a door downstairs, a draught came up bearing a smell—or smells—from the school-room downstairs—a smell of ink, a smell of slates, a smell of luncheon boxes and the chicken-coopy flavor of small children that you can not get out of a school-room. There were thin bread-and-butter and macaroons and tea. There was Aunt Chambray, there were Cousins Zénobie, Zaïre and Palmyre, thin, elegant, aristocratic and Roman-nosed; there was also a little third or fourth cousin, Adèle, who taught for her board, and who led a sad sort of life in the Chambray household, perhaps because she was plump and pretty and sweet-voiced, and because the way she went on with Paul was simply scandalous.



This was Paul Brown's life. Through their long working hours Ernest taught him all he had learned at college, and the whole science and mystery of the Brown patents. Paul sometimes looked from his bed-room window and wondered if the stars in their courses went about with tables of logarithms in their hands.

But the day came when the calculations of Ernest Brown, of infallible Science and of irresistible Nature, all worked themselves out together. Three things happened:

First, the great Brown process was perfected just as a vast new market rose clamoring for it. The Brown boys sold out to a New York syndicate and were rich.

Second, Ernest, having put his whole constitution into the Brown patents, lay down and calmly and placidly died.

Third, before his death he said to Paul, who was sitting by his bedside: "Really, Paul, it is of extremely little consequence. Of course I am dying just as I have the means to indulge my tastes. But, do you know, it has lately occurred to me, on reflection, that I have no tastes. I think I have been in error in not cultivating some. Have you any tastes, Paul?"

Paul thought for a little while, then he said:

"I think I have a taste for Adèle."

The dying man looked mildly surprised. He pondered for a while.

"I think I should cultivate it," he said.

Then he turned his face to the wall.

In the Spring, Paul married Adèle.

CHAPTER I.

Their honey-moon was a distinct failure. What could you expect of two young people who had hardly stirred, their lives long, out of two dull, dismal old Philadelphia houses, looking out on a crossing of alleyways for their whole world? They went, poor lambs, in their simple ignorance, to Long Branch, where the Hebrew hosts frightened them; to Niagara Falls, where they ran into an excursion of a Western Editorial Association; and to Saratoga, where they felt as if even Divine Providence had forgotten them. They had not the first idea of traveling; they missed connections; they scattered their baggage all along their line; they got the wrong tickets; and, being the most fully developed specimen of bridal couple that had appeared for some years, they afforded unbounded amusement and great pecuniary profit to countless train-hands, porters, waiters, bell-boys, chamber-maids and hack-drivers, for the space of two weeks. Then they reached New York, went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and lay awake all night long



wondering when the rest of the town was going to bed. In the morning Paul said:

"I am going down to see Mr. Grinridge."

"Oh, do!" said Adèle; "and do tell how much I'll thank him if he'll only tell us *what* to do and *where* to go! I really can't stand this another week longer. If we don't settle down *somewhere*—I'd—I'd rather go back to Philadelphia. And you know we said we'd *never* do that."

"No," said Paul, resolutely; "we won't go back to Philadelphia!" And he buttoned his coat up tight, kissed his little wife as she lay in the big hotel bed, nursing a nervous headache, and strode off to find Mr. Grinridge.

Mr. Grinridge had been the Syndicate's lawyer, and was now Paul's. He had conducted the negotiations with Ernest and Paul, and had once or twice taken Paul to lunch at the Savarin. And Mr. Grinridge was the only man in the great big world whom this poor child of a Philadelphia back-extension could call so much as an acquaintance.

Mr. Grinridge was a large, rosy, handsome, well-fed old gentleman, with beautiful curly gray hair and bright boyish eyes.

"Ah, I see," he said. "You have no friends in Philadelphia and you *have* relatives. No wonder you don't want to go back. H'm! let's see; how would New York suit you to live in?"

"Is n't it rather—noisy?" inquired Paul, dubiously.

"Oh, it strikes you so at first," said Mr. Grinridge; "but you soon get used to that. Besides, you know, you can get a quiet little flat."

Paul brightened up. He said he thought that sounded nice. So Mr. Grinridge sent a clerk with him to half a dozen agencies, where he amassed various slips of paper torn from stub-books. When he had quite a handful of these, he went back to Adèle.

Three days later a yellow-haired young man, with a haggard face and a dazed look in his eyes, walked into Mr. Grinridge's office.

"Well, have you found your flat?" said Mr. Grinridge.

"I've found about all the flats in creation," said Paul Brown. "One more flat will drive me crazy!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Grinridge.

"Matter!" said Paul; "why, it's a nightmare. We've seen about half the flats in New York. We've done nothing but go up and down elevators and flights of stairs. We've seen every kind of a flat, I believe, that ever was invented. We've seen flats with kitchens in the front, and flats where you sleep in the dining-room and eat in the bedrooms. We've seen flats that you could n't turn round in, and flats as big as all outdoors. And the more we've seen of the whole flat business, the more certain we are that we don't want to have anything to do with it. We'd rather go and live in a cage with the animals up in Central Park."

Mr. Grinridge laughed with twinkling eyes.

"I see, I see," he said; "you are not quite up to New York pitch yet. Well, what do you say to a nice little suburban cottage? There are plenty of places convenient to the city on Long Island, up the Hudson and over in Jersey. You can come in and go to the theatre when you want to, or you can stay at home and be quite quiet and Philadelphian. Why, now that I've grown old, I've come to that sort of thing myself. I've settled down in just such a little hole in the ground. Now, there's Pelham and Mt. Vernon and Yonkers and Hastings and Morristown and Englewood and Plainfield—what's the matter with one of those places?"

"What's the matter with the place where you are?" demanded Paul.

Mr. Grinridge laughed again.

"Nothing that I know of," said he. "If you and Mrs. Brown will lunch with me to-morrow, we'll run out early and take a look at it. I know of one house that ought to suit you."

They did lunch with Mr. Grinridge the next day. It was a delightful little luncheon, and Mr. Grinridge was so charmed with young Mrs. Brown that he could hardly tear himself away from the table in time to catch the early train. But they did catch it; and very soon they were rolling through that great broad sea of marsh which the Jersey folk call the "medders." Then they came to a land of low, rolling hills and undulating green fields, with patches of woodland here and there, and the whole landscape peppered with little houses, many of them very bright and new-looking. Little towns were strung all along the railroad like beads on a string, and they had come to one of the prettiest of these, which peeped out of a nest of young green trees, when Mr. Grinridge said: "Here we are."

Mr. Grinridge's surrey was waiting at the station. It whirled them

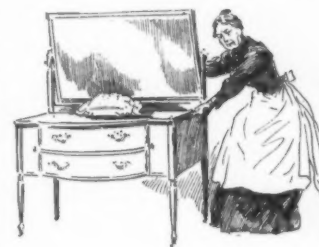
through a cluster of comfortable, old-fashioned houses with first stories of whitewashed stone; and then up into the new part of the town, where the houses were of wood, and quite clearly new—although they all tried very hard to look a great deal more antique than the real old ones. Suddenly they turned into a broad cheerful street with great trees along the edge of the roadway, and with a row of low, spreading, sloping-roofed cottages on each side. Every house stood in a broad generous patch of lawn or garden. At the further end of the street stood an old white church with a great pillared portico in front.

"Oh!" cried Adèle, in a tone that settled it.

"Rather nice, is n't it?" said Mr. Grinridge; "that's my house up next to the church, and here's yours down here—that is, if you like it."

The June roses were blooming in the front yard, the gravel walks were as neat as a new pin. Ampelopsis climbed over half the house, and there were scarlet-runners on the sunny side. Of course they liked it.

"It was built for the owner," said Mr. Grinridge, "but he has never occupied it. I believe he's decided to settle in California. So nobody's ever lived in the house except the caretaker, although it's been built three years. By the way, she's a very excellent and capable old woman. She put out all those flowers and things. The place was as bare as the back of my hand when she took hold of it. I should think she might be able to 'do' for you till you got settled. Her name is Mrs. Wimple."



CHAPTER II.

The house was as delightful inside as out. Mrs. Wimple was a cheery, motherly old soul who could do everything that any mortal woman ever did, and who asked for no greater joy than to take a stray young married couple—or, for the matter of that, a dozen stray young married couples—under her protecting wings and "do" for them with maternal solicitude; the terms and everything else were satisfactory, and so there was nothing for the two young Browns to do but to furnish their new home and go to housekeeping.

Now this, or ought to be, the most delightful of occupations for a young married couple. I have always been sorry for Adam and Eve that in their first happy innocence they started life in a ready furnished establishment. I suppose they had some fun naming the animals; but it was a poor substitute for the happiness of buying your own furniture.

But I am sorry to say the two young Browns did not enjoy this happiness any more than our first parents did, for a similar reason—they did not know enough. Home is an acquired taste. If you once acquire it, you will never want to do without it. But if you never have acquired it—if you have never known what it is to have a Home—why, then, the furnishing forth of your new house means no more to you than the obligatory purchase of so many tables and chairs, and pots and pans; and you put no more sentiment into it than you do into buying a ton of hard coal or a pair of suspenders—and you lose one of the sweetest delights of human life.

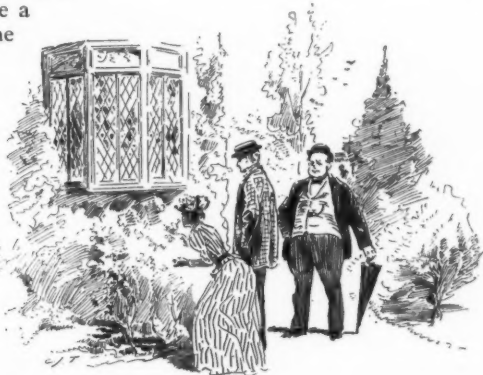
That was the case of the young Browns.

It was tables and chairs to them, pots and pans; nothing more, nothing less. They bought a lot of very pretty things, and they put them around the house in perfectly proper places; but it never once occurred to them that there was any fun in it. Mrs. Wimple enjoyed it. She shoved the new furniture all about, and tried each thing in a dozen different spots; but no matter where she put it, the Browns were equally satisfied. They always said it would "do;" and, after a while, Mrs. Wimple gave it up as a bad job. She *could n't* get these young people interested in their home; and so she went off to her kitchen and did such wonders in the way of cookery that day after day slipped by and they never thought of going into the city and getting a stock of servants to supplant her. Why should they? Mrs. Wimple, all by herself, could have supplanted any stock of servants that was ever got together.

And yet, in spite of Mrs. Wimple and their lesser advantages, such as health and wealth, and youth and love, and a pretty house and pretty things about them, and days of perfect Summer weather in that sweet and gracious hillside country, something of the dull disappointment of their honey-moon lingered about the life of these new-wed Browns.

For one thing, they were lonely—though they did n't know it. Strange as it may seem, their neighbors in the pretty little town followed a curious suburban fashion, and fled, at the approach of Summer, to noisy, crowded, comfortable hotels in what they called the "real country"—which is really the Country of Canned Vegetables. When the flowers in their gardens had given over blooming, they would come back; but just at present they were scattered over the face of the earth. And so nobody came to call on the new residents. Even Mr. Grinridge spent most of his time at Manhattan Beach.

But it was more than mere loneliness that troubled them. They had n't the first idea, either of them, what to do with their lives. Paul began to understand, vaguely, what Ernest had meant by speaking of the necessity of cultivating tastes. He certainly was better off than Ernest



had been, in that he had a taste for Adèle; but that taste appeared to be cultivated to its fullest extent, and still he seemed to have a good deal of time on his hands. And Adèle was in exactly the same plight. She loved Paul with her whole heart; but, as time passed on, she became more and more conscious of some facts that she had often taught the children at Madame Chambray's, without thinking much of their significance, namely—that there were sixty minutes in an hour and twenty-four hours in a day.

At last they got to talking frankly about it. They made up their minds that they needed occupation; but what occupation? Traveling? No; they were quite agreed that they never wanted to see a hotel again. Gardening? Botanizing? Music? Painting? Improvement of the Mind? They could n't find that they had the faintest glimmer of taste for any one of these things. Finally they hit upon Reading—and the idea came to them with all the force of an original discovery.

Now, you must remember that these two young people had been brought up in the gloomy hollows of two highly respectable Philadelphia "Squares"; that their young lives had been all work and no play, and that they knew about as much of books as they did of balloons. Of course, Adèle had read such fiction as Aunt Chambray had thought suitable for a young lady in her position, which was mostly of a religious but depressing cast; and Ernest, in the exercise of his educational duties, had put Paul through Shakspeare, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, just as he had put him through Euclid and Algebra. But, as he had selected Paul's eleventh year for this course in English literature, Paul may be said to have bolted his literary diet without absorbing much of its vital essence. As to a modern novel, neither of them knew what it was. So, when they thought about it, it became quite clear to their minds that they ought to get their literature up to date.

They did it, and the way they did it was this: Paul went to New York, to the book-stand in the ferry-house, and bought all the latest novels, on the recommendation of the newsdealer. They were mostly in blue and yellow paper covers, and cost from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a-piece, though several of them had board covers and cost a dollar. Paul bought something like seven dozen of these gems of literature, and the book-stand man looked dazed for the rest of the day.

Later on, it was Paul and Adèle who looked dazed. They spent their unoccupied time—which is to say, all the time when they were not eating or sleeping—in reading those books. Paul read them aloud and Adèle listened. The books lasted two weeks. They were two weeks of murder, suicide, assassination, burglary, arson, tiger-killing, lion-hunting, elephant-shooting, carnage, bloodshed, torture, embezzlement, heroism, sacrifice, agony, devotion, death, disease, mutilation, misery, vice, crime, love, glory, and everything else that goes to spice twenty-five-cent literature.

"My Gracious!" said Adèle, when the last book, a bright pink one, had reeled to a gory close. "And we thought life was stupid!"

Of course they did n't believe it all; for it was too good to be true. But then, if you only believed the smallest part of it, what a world of sport and adventure, of fire and life it was, to charm these two children of Philadelphia respectability! And there certainly was some basis for it all.

In a spirit of scientific inquiry, Paul got hold of some New York papers—he had never read anything but Philadelphia journals before—and he caught a glimpse of life's liveliness that fairly astonished him.

"Why," he said to Adèle, "the simple fact is, it's all there; but we are not in it."

How to get in it? That was the question. Here, just outside their very gate, was a great world of action and event going on its entertaining way, while their life was as humdrum as an unbroken routine could make it. To-day Mrs. Wimple gave them wheat-cakes for breakfast. To-morrow



she gave them oat-meal. Both were excellent; and they had plenty of cream; but sometimes they thought they would have liked a little cold poison for a change.

They thought about it and they talked about it in the drowsy Summer afternoons and in the wakeful Summer evenings when you *could n't* feel like going to sleep any more than the nameless insects that sawed and filed and buzzed and chirped in the dark depths of the foliage. And by-and-by the Plan was born.

"Why," said Paul, as he stalked up and down the dainty little sitting-room, his hands in his pockets and a scowl on his brow, "why does nothing ever happen to us? Because we're not where anything happens. We're not among the kind of people things happen to. We are n't acquainted with *anybody*, for the matter of that; but we never should get to know that sort of people, any way. Fancy Mr. Grinridge saying, 'Allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Smith, who killed ninety-seven Zulus in one morning;' or, 'This is Mr. Jones, the celebrated duelist and murderer.' I tell you, Adèle, we're not in the right society for adventure."

"But how are we to get into it, Paul, dear?" asked Adèle piteously.

"We've got to go after it," said Paul. "These people are n't coming to us. They must find us as stupid as we find ourselves." He picked up the morning paper. "Look here! 'A Drummer Elopes with an Heiress,' 'A Peddler Saves Three Children from Drowning,' 'Narrow Escape of a Lightning-rod Agent,' 'A Stage-Driver Kills a Robber,' 'Curious Adventure of a Commercial Traveler,' 'A Tramp's Lucky Piece of Pic.' There, those are the people who see life—the people who move around in the world and get among their fellow-men. Things happen to *them*."

"But, Paul," objected Adèle, "we can't be drummers and stage-drivers and tramps and all that. You would n't like that sort of thing, I am sure."

"What's the reason I can't?" cried Paul. "Why can't I be a drummer?"

"Because you can't drum," said Adèle.

"That's it," said Paul, excitedly. "We live so much to ourselves that we don't know even our fellow-men. Why, you poor, dear child, a drummer is a commercial traveler! He drums up trade, don't you know?"

"But you have n't any trade to drum up, dear," said Adèle, dubiously.

"That's just what's the matter!" said Paul. "We've got a lot of money and an awfully respectable bringing-up, and a comfortable home and Mrs. Wimple and three meals a day, and nothing will ever happen to us till we die of dullness striking into a vital part. Now, suppose we had n't got the money, and had to go out into the world. We might not have so good a time, all the time; but we'd have more different kinds of times than we're ever likely to have the way we're living now. And almost any different kind of a time would be a relief, would n't it, dear?"

"Paul," said Adèle, solemnly, laying down her embroidery pattern on which, for three weary weeks, she had tried to make herself believe she was working; "yesterday, do you know, I nearly fell down the front steps; and I thought I was going to sprain my ankle, and when I caught myself and did n't fall, I was really—Paul, it sounds wicked—but I was really almost sorry. It would have been *such* a change, don't you understand?"

"I do," said Paul. "Now, Adèle, you listen to me!"

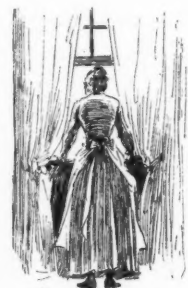
And he sat down beside her and whispered in her ear.

One week after that day, Mrs. Wimple, coming downstairs in the morning, found on the kitchen table, two letters, one addressed to her and one to Mr. Grinridge. Her letter told her simply that her employers had gone away and would not return for a year. She was to care for the house in all respects as if they were there. Mr. Grinridge would furnish her with money for her wages and current expenses, upon receipt of the letter addressed to him.

She went upstairs, and made the tour of all the rooms. Save for Mrs. Wimple, the house of the Browns was as empty and desolate as though it had never been the home of a happy young married couple.

It was just six o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Wimple heard the up-train choo-choo-ing off into the distance.

The Browns had run away.



(To be continued.)

A DEVILISH GOOD CHANCE.

PECKHAM.—The Devil is an enigma to me.

STICKNEY.—How so?

PECKHAM.—With such a bad name as he has, and such a Legislature as the one just adjourned, why he did n't get it changed.

THE SWIFT AND THE SLOW.

The grocer's, the tailor's, the milliner's dun,
And things that distress us, all come on a run;
While the gifts we're awaiting to add to our joy
Are 'most always brought by a messenger boy.

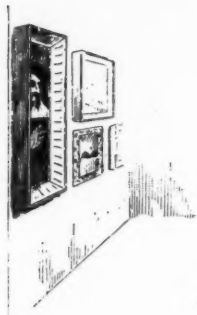
N. W.

THE PESSIMIST FINDS A REASON.

"Do you know you are ninety per cent. water?"
"Humph! Am I? No wonder my name is mud."

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH"—Provided you have enough cash to economize on.

THE ABSENT-MINDED ART CONNAISSEUR.



I.



II.



III.



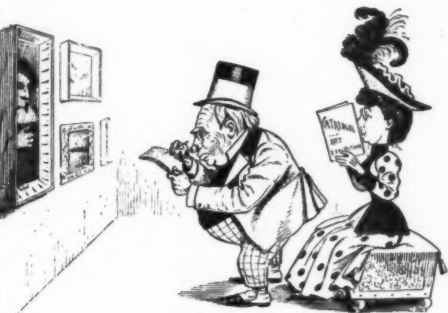
THEY WILL.

"And then," said the teacher, "the evil spirit departed and entered into the swine."
"Pigs 'll eat 'most anything," said Johnny.

MEMORY.

CASHIN. — I don't know how it is, but I can always remember a face longer than a name.

MALONE. — Ged! Then you never had a name indorsed on the back of your note!



IV.



V.

EQUIVALENT.

FLORENCE. — Is her husband a college graduate?

ALICE. — Not exactly; but he lived in Boston four years.

SINE DIE.

MISS SINGERLY. — You are not very familiar with parliamentary rules, are you, Mr. Lingerly?

MR. LINGERLY. — Not remarkably; yet I know the common ones.
MISS SINGERLY. — Do you know that one said always to be in order?

A LONG SEASON.

LANDLADY. — What do you think of this Spring chicken?

STARBOARDER. — I think its Spring must have been as long as that of a Waterbury watch.

A LITERAL FACT.

MRS. LOTOS. — I think Mr. Gushly is a lovely man. He has been married fifteen years, and the other day he referred to his wife as an angel.

LOTOS. — Of course she is; she died last Spring.

ON THE CHICAGO LIMITED.

"Why have we slowed up?"
"This is Philadelphia."

SEEKING A REMEDY.

MRS. PINKERLY. — I hear, Major Kingbean, that you are a great sufferer from indigestion.

MAJOR KINGBEAN. — I am, Madam.

MRS. PINKERLY. — Are you doing any thing for it?

MAJOR KINGBEAN. — I am, Madam. I am suing for a divorce.



A BACHELOR'S OPINION.

"Well, Mr. Oldbach," said Mrs. Newma; "what do you think of our baby?"
"Oh, he is delightful! So young-looking — like his mother," said Mr. Oldbach.

A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

GRACE. — Is there anything I ought not to read in this book?

MRS. KIPPER. — No, dear.

GRACE. — All right; then I won't read it.

MIGHT MAKE A MAN OF HIM.

WILLIE. — Well, aw, Miss Edge; I must be going to see my tailah.

MISS EDGE. — Could n't you manage to see nine of them, while you are about it?

THOUGHT SHE OUGHT TO SING IT

"What is the young woman playing?"
"That's a song without words."
"What's the matter? Has she got a cold?"



A DAY'S SPORT.

STRANGER (in the far West). — Where is your father, Bubby?
BUBBY. — Gone shooting.
STRANGER. — Will he be away all day?
BUBBY. — Well, that depends on whether th' editor sees him comin'.

WE HAVE no antiquities in this country except our jokes.

IT IS amusing to watch a man working his head off to save money to buy a home, while another, who owns a home, is trying to sell it at a sacrifice in order to save money by boarding.



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SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED SHOCK IN THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT.



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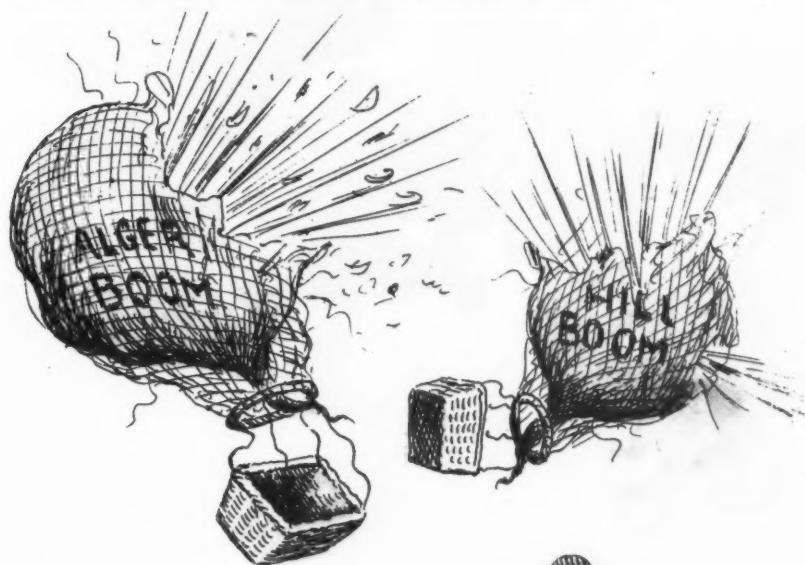


THE INVESTIGATION SHAKE-UP IN THE PENSION OFFICE.

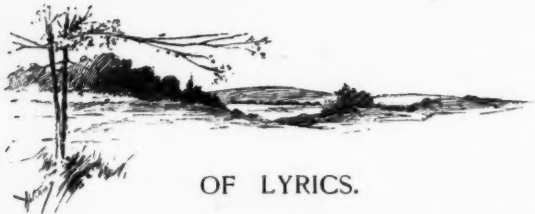


STOCK IN EUROPE.

OF SHOCKS.



DULL, SICKENING THUDS IN THE POLITICAL FIELD.



OF LYRICS.

LET ME sing in praise of lyrics,
Of the little laughing lyrics,
Which bring memories to me
Of the aspen-leaves that quiver
In the zephyrs by the river,
And the murmur of the sea.

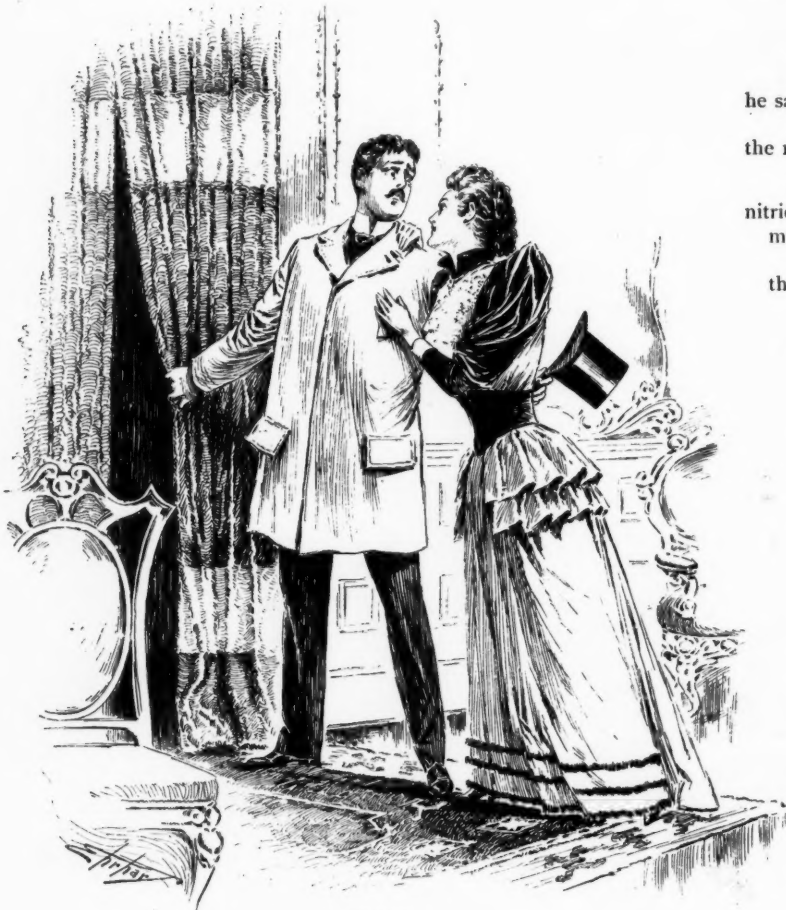
Sonnet-forms are far too stately,
And the ballade is too greatly
Overburdened by its art.
Triolets I read with pity
For their authors; rondeaus, pretty
Though they be, don't touch my heart.

So when poets strive and struggle
With exotic forms to juggle,
You will find me constant still
To the little laughing lyrics,—
Let all versical empirics
Shrug their shoulders if they will!

Gilbert Burgess.

A WOMAN'S TACT.

He got a message from his wife.
It knocked him off his pins.
With tears of joy he read these words:
"Instead of triplets, twins."



KIND.

HE (*planning an elopement*).—And at twelve you sneak quietly out of the house and meet me at the corner. I won't have a carriage, as we must be as economical as possible.

SHE.—Oh, I've made Papa promise to pay for the carriage, George!



A LOST SENSE.

MRS. MCCOY.—How is yez feelin' this mornin' Mrs. Brady?
MRS. BRADY (*who has met with an accident*).—Wid me feet mostly, Mrs. McCoy.

FURTHER ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS GREEKS,

Recently Discovered and Translated by

POLYBIUS CRUSOE SMITH, A.M.

When Solon was asked what he thought of high-tariff legislation, he said:

"It is eagles' wings for the feet of millionaires, but mill-stones for the necks of the poor."

When Xenophon asked of Socrates how he accounted for Xantippe's nitric acid temper, he omitted for the once his well-known questioning method, and replied:

"That woman thinks the Spring house-cleaning season lasts all through the year."

When Pittacus was asked who was the most beautiful woman in the world, he replied:

"The one who can keep her mouth closed the longest."

When Alexander the Great asked Diogenes the Cynic what favor he could do him, his reply was:

"Drop my name from your subscription list."

When Chilo was saluted as "Colonel" by one who wished to ingratiate himself, his telling rebuke was:

"Sir, I have never resided south of Mason and Dixon's line."

When Pericles, after one of his famous triumphs, asked the wise Aspasia what he could get for her that she would prize most of all, her modest reply was:

"If I had that hundred and twenty-five dollar hat that I saw at the millinery opening, I should not be compelled to stay away from church on Easter Sunday."

When Xerxes, having surrounded Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ, sent a messenger to demand their surrender, Leonidas made answer:

"Go, Slave! Tell your master that there is a mother-in-law for each member of this gallant band, and that we prefer to be slaughtered on the field of battle to being bossed to death at home."

Edwin Henry Sibley.

WOMAN HAS a pretty tough lot. She is n't allowed to love but one man, and yet is expected to love a dozen children who drive that man in desperation to his club.

THE "MAY-COME-HANDY" CRANK.



"Good heavens, Maggie! Don't you know any better than to burn up those last year's newspapers? I might need them to refer to, some time!"



THE VILLAIN.—Before I escape, I must get rid of this tell-tale knife; but how? Ah, I have it—I will throw it into the river!
THE "M.-C.-H." CRANK.—Hold on! keep it—you may need it some time!



WIFE.—There's a poor one-legged man at the door who wants assistance; can't we give him something?
THE "M.-C.-H." CRANK (triumphantly).—Here you are, my dear! I bought it at an auction sale eight years ago—I knew it would come handy some time.

SHE COULD N'T DO IT.

MISS MAJILTON.—Poor fellow! is there anything I can do for you?

GILLY GOTLEFT.—Yes.

MISS MAJILTON.—What?

GILLY GOTLEFT.—Tell the other girls you rejected me because I made fun of you.

SCARED BY THE COOKING.

When "Love flies out of the window," it is usually out of the dining-room window.

TRY IT AND SEE.

A good way to rub a young man the wrong way is to perform a similar operation on his new silk hat.



FRIEND (being shown over the house).—Jove! what's this?—Junk shop?
THE "M.-C.-H." CRANK.—Just a few little odds and ends I'm keeping—they may be mighty useful, some time or other.



FIREMAN.—Hurry up—you ain't got time to save anything!
THE "M.-C.-H." CRANK.—Wait till I take the lock off this door—it'll come handy when I build another house!

FARCE COMEDY.

N. THUSE.—Don't you think that Cribsen really "holds the mirror up to nature?"

C. RITIC.—Yes; he does. One of those convex mirrors.

FAST AND LOOSE — A Runaway Horse.

LOVE is blind; but the neighbors are not blind.

THE SHERIFF would hate to be known by the company he keeps.

THERE is always room at the top in the first row in the orchestra.

HONESTY APPRECIATED.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT.—I have long observed your sterling integrity and your conscientious regard for truth; and I shall now advance you to an important post, in which we are obliged to trust entirely to a man's honesty to place our funds where we want them instead of putting the money in his own pocket.

CONSCIENTIOUS YOUTH.—You will find me trustworthy, sir. What am I to do?

RAILROAD PRESIDENT.—Take this bag of greenbacks to the State Capitol and buy votes.

REINFORCEMENTS REQUIRED.

KIRBY STONE.—I won't be home to dinner to-day, my dear. Job Lott has invited a dozen of us to a discharging bee at his house, to-night.

MRS. STONE.—Discharging bee? What's that?

KIRBY STONE.—He wants to tell his servant-girl that she's got to leave.

ON THE RUN.

MISS REDBUD.—My mother tells me, Colonel, that you are a great traveler.

COL. ALPENSTOCK.—Yes; Miss Redbud. Since the war I have done little else.

MISS REDBUD (impressively).—I presume that was what started you off.



SOCIETY'S TORTURES.

"They come high, but we must have them."

WHEN A MAN notices an improvement in himself, he always feels that the world is growing better.

IN ANCIENT Rome, two augurs could not meet each other without laughing. But two bores could.



A SURE THING.

BOB TAYLOR.—Do you want to know how to win at horse racing?

JACK POTTER.—Certainly!

BOB TAYLOR.—Play the horses that I don't.



THE PHILOSOPHER PHILOSOPHIZES.

THE PESSIMIST.

I ALWAYS PITY the pessimist;
His sadness makes me shiver,
And always wish that I could give
Him something for his liver.



THE OPTIMIST.

The optimist is one who thinks
That all is for the best —
And, thinking himself the best, cares not
What 's suffered by the rest.



THE EPICUREAN.

"Be merry, eat and drink, my friends!"
The epicurean cries;
And stuffs and gorges until he
Of indigestion dies.



THE STOIC.

The stoic cultivates a face
A yard in length at least,
And with a sad, dyspeptic look —
Sits down at Pleasure's feast.



THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.
Of all the World's philosophers,
I hold that one the best
Who simply presses the button
And lets Luck do the rest.

FEMALE CURIOSITY.

One-half the world does n't know how the other half lives; but the women are trying their best to remedy that.

SOON WILL each champion pugilist
Find it necessary
To bounce his trainer and employ
A private secretary.



A FRIGHTFUL ORDEAL.

OFFICER.—Look here, young feller, you've been hangin' round here fer over an hour and yez actions is suspicious-like.

YOUNG MR. POPPER (*who has been a father for just ten days*).—That's all right. I'm waiting until there's no one in the store, so 's I can go in and buy a nursing bottle.

MODERN JOURNALISM.

MANAGING EDITOR (*to REPORTER*).—Are you engaged to be married, Mr. Scarehead?

MR. SCAREHEAD.—Er—yes, sir; I—

MANAGING EDITOR.—Kindly draw on the office for ten dollars, get married immediately, and let me have two columns on "Married Life in a Great City," by twelve o'clock. And—er—congratulations!

THE AMERICAN IDEA.

FATHER.—Why have you dismissed George?

DAUGHTER.—I have discovered that he walks home to save car-fare. A man as economical as that would—would smoke a pipe.

PERSONAL.

GREEN GOODS.—Will the Confidence Man who noticed Young Man from South Hohokus, on the Bowery, wearing hayseeds in his hair, please grant interview, and appoint place of meeting. Confidences returned, if desired.

GRIPSACK.



REPREHENSIBLE CARELESSNESS.

MANAGER.—Mr. Cues, in your performance last night, after saying "Ha!—I am foiled again!" you forgot to draw in your breath with a low, hissing sound;—don't let it occur again; sir.
—The traditions of the stage must not be violated in this theatre!

A ONE-SIDED SUBSTITUTE.

GABRIEL.—How 's this? I hear that you neglected your work last night.

RECORDING ANGEL.—Well, I can soon catch up. So far as the good deeds are concerned, it does n't matter, and I can find all the sins of the world in the New York papers.

THE OPTIMIST.

JASPER.—I think that on the whole the world is growing better.

RASPER.—Indeed! How long since your business began to improve?

BETTER STILL.

JINKS.—I've just picked up a treasure, an autograph letter of Richard the Third, dated only three months before his death.

SPINKS.—Humph! That's nothing. Gully has one dated three years after his death.

WHEN A MAN has no petty vices, it is almost invariably the case that he has one or more very big ones.

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16. **The Small Boy.** About The Ubiquitous Younger Brother.
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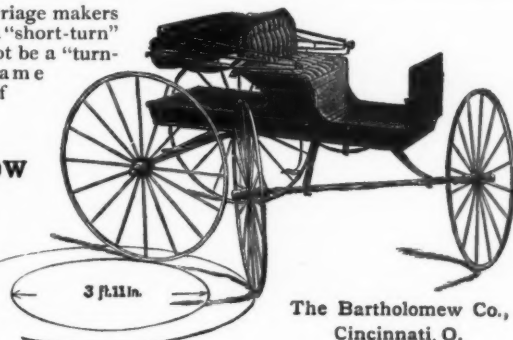
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COULD N'T HEAR IT.

HOSTESS.—Did you hear Wagner's "Lohengrin" performed in Paris?

RETURNED TOURIST.—No. I was in London at the time, and the wind was blowing the wrong way.—*New York Weekly.*

A POPULAR PRESCRIPTION.

"Your wife must take more exercise."

"But, Doctor, what can I do? She refuses to stir."

"Give her some money to go shopping with."

—*Harper's Bazar.*

"We can not see ourselves as others see us," said Henrietta, when George was trying to convince her of his good points.

"No," said he. "If we could, you would n't do anything but look at yourself."

Then she was convinced of his good points.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE cyclone country is the place to look for real estate transfers.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne.

This excellent sparkling wine has been before the public for nearly 40 years and it has been the aim of the American Wine Company to make it the best sparkling wine in the trade, therefore nothing has been left undone in its production that science and modern improvements could suggest. The company have ample capital and are not compelled to put their wine on the market before it is matured. Their president, Mr. Douglas G. Cook, has been with the concern ever since its incipency, and was specially educated for its management. The large sales annually, (millions of bottles,) and the increasing demand for their wine has made them largely augment their plant, which is evidence of its worth; and, lastly, its perfect purity "needs no bush." To those who have not used it we ask a trial, feeling assured it will be found all that is claimed for it.

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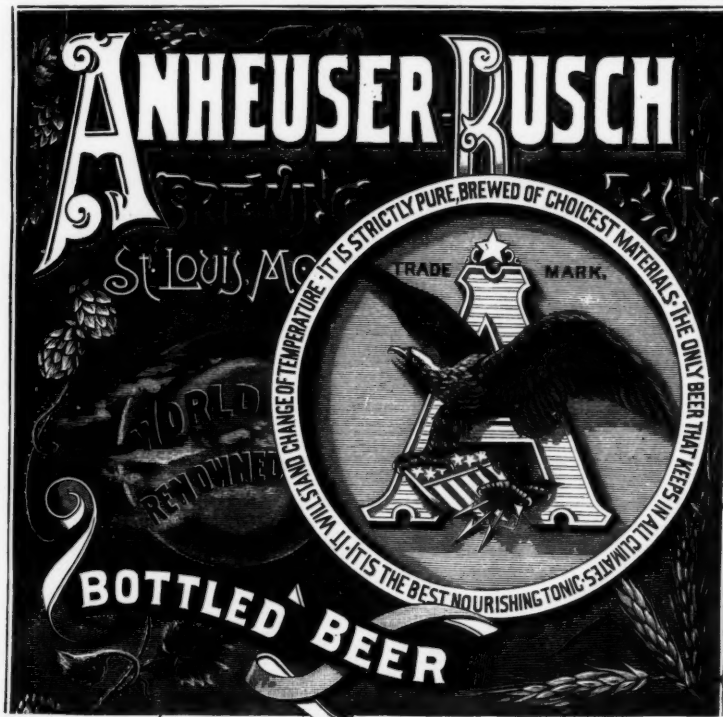
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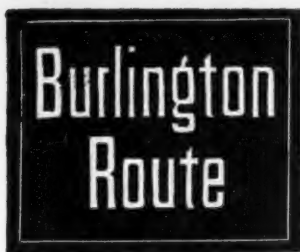
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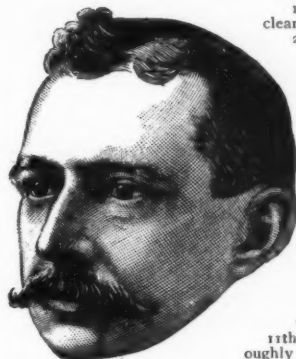
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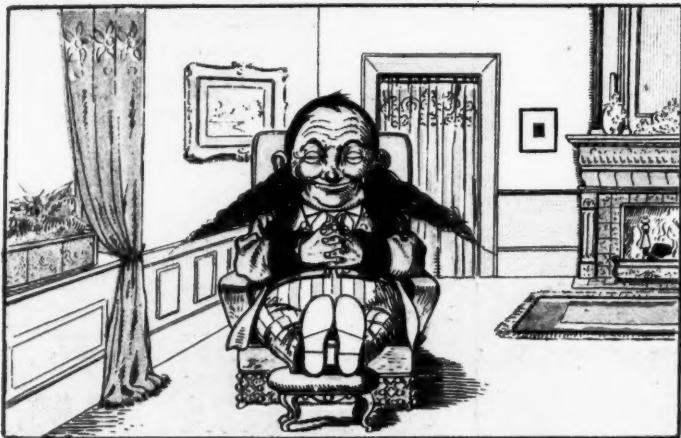
CREEDE | CAMP BIRD
OF CREEDE.

It is worth your while to know something about the **GREATEST SILVER CAMP IN THE WORLD.** Also something about speculation that will, nine chances out of ten, **PAY TEN DOLLARS FOR ONE.**

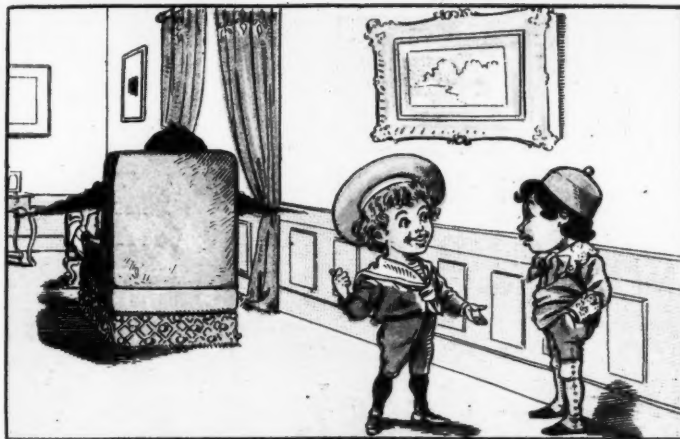
DON'T WRITE if you have not got the time to investigate **BUT DO WRITE** IF you wish a true story, told in plain language, how famous Gold and Silver Mines have a beginning.

C. M. FARNUM, 520 Mining Exchange Building,
DENVER, COLO.

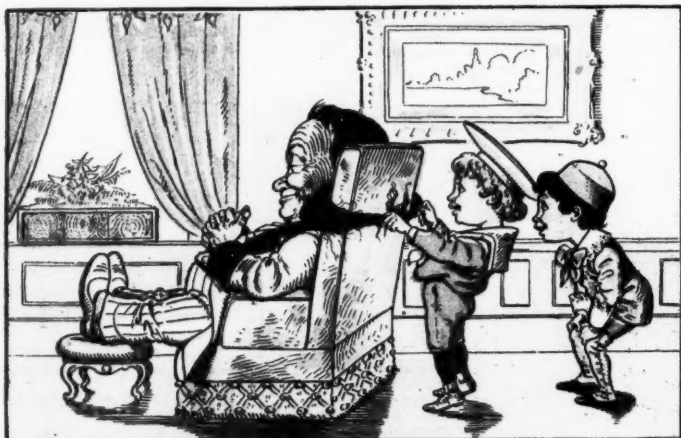
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Mr. Samuel Sideboard's whiskers ran pretty much to hair,
And they stuck out long and tempting, as he slumbered in his chair.



He was spied thus by his nephews, little Dick and little Dan,
And the former to the latter did unfold a merry plan.



In pursuance of its details, softly they approached the spot,
And they tied those long Dundrearys in the hardest kind of knot.



Quietly they made their exit, left him soundly sleeping there,
Fastened firmly by his whiskers to his comfortable chair.



But, — ere long his nap was ended, he awakened with a yawn
To find the corners of his mouth felt very strangely drawn.



With sleepy disappointment he then essayed a stretch;
But, to his intense amazement, it somehow seemed to "ketch."



In horror, and in ignorance of where the trouble lay,
He leaped up with a frightful yell, and — fearful things did say!



Upon the floor he sat and swore (the sweat rolled off in drops)
His brother's wife could bet her life, he'd now sport "mutton-chops."